Much ado about Nothing:

OR, THE

Rabbit-Woman's CONFESSION.

(Price Four-Pence.)

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Or, a PLAIN

REFUTATION

OF

All that has been Written or Said

Concerning the

Rabbit-Woman

OF

GODALMING.

BEING

A *Full and Impartial Confession* from her *Own Mouth*, and under her *Own Hand*, of the whole Affair, from the Beginning to the End.

Now made publick for the General Satisfaction.

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M.DCC.XXVII.

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE poor Woman of *Godalming* being now the Topic of every Con-

Converſation, and it being put to the general Vote, whether Rabbits ſhall be admitted to our Tables, ay or no; it has been thought fit to trace the whole Affair from its firſt Original; and to hear what the poor Woman has to ſay for herſelf, at a time when all Mouths are open againſt her: in order to which, the Publiſher hereof has taken in-

indefatigable Pains to bring the whole Myſtery to light, by purging the Woman in a proper manner, and at proper times, without the low Artifice of Wheedling, or the high Hand of Threatning; but by touching *her in the Tendereſt part*, viz. her Conſcience; and extracting the very Quinteſſence of the whole Affair in ſuch a manner, and method,

as

as will ſet all Mankind to rights in their various miſtaken Notions of this unhappy Woman.

It is therefore to be hoped, they will ſuſpend their Judgments, till they have heard what ſhe has to ſay for herſelf; and that upon a mature Recollection and Debate of the whole, they will ſet the Saddle on the right Horſe, by letting their Reſent-

ments

ments fall on *the true Impoſtors, or Quacks*, and not on a poor innocent Woman, whoſe Misfortunes they have made the Cat's Paw of their Roguery.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT was thought fit to print this Confeſſion in *puris naturalibus*, (i.e.) in her own Stile and Spelling, without any

Amendment or Adulteration, which would but ſpoil its natural Simplicity, and render it leſs Genuine and Credible.

THE

THE

Rabbit-Woman's CONFESSION.

UNdurſtandin I hav bin mad a toun tauk of, I thinks it is tim for me to vindikat my ſelf, hoo am as innurſent of what I am exkuz'd with, as the child as is unborn. I here I am mad a ſad Cretur of

by a parſel of ſurjohns, hoo, as all the world noes, ar nun of the onniſtiſts men; but I hope to clere myſelf, and ſhaim them all.

Now you muſt noe, as I beng, thof I ſa it as ſhud not ſa it, a Woman as knows wats wat, I was alwas diſpektid by my naburs, and in pertikulur Mr. Howard hoo alwas told me I wos a Wuman as had *grate natturul parts*, and a *large Capaſſiti*, and kapible of beng kunſerned in depe *Kuntrivanſis*; and as how if I wold be rulid by him, and uſe *Prickkawſhun*, ſum think mowt be dun, and as how if I luft Rawbits, I ſhud navar wont: ſo he tretid me with as fine a Rawbit as effer I taſtid in my born days. Now you muſt noe his Rawbit

had

had an indiffrunt taſt from ani I had effer ete, for it wos not byld, nor roſtid, nor fricumceed, *but toſt up skin and aul with its eres prickt up.* How effer, thank God, I got it all down, and thote I nevur taſtid a dellikittur morſil in my lyf; my huzbund had giffen me mani and mani a Rawbit before, but no comparrezon. So I neffur aftur vallid his Rawbits, no more then nutthink at all, but alwas honed and honed for my nabur's Rawbit. But he groing wary of ſuplyng me, fobd me off, and ſade as how I had too much *Affucktation* for him: ſo he brot me one *Surjohn*, and another *Surjohn*, but nun of theſe Rawbitts went doun lik his, nor ſpent haſe ſo well: and as for takin them at the mouth,

I cood not; for evar ſenſe I had taſtid his Rawbitt, I tuk them all tuther way, and I humbli kunſeve it is the beſt way, eſpechally if thay ar not flabby; but if thay ar flabby, thay ar not wurth a fart.

Miscaubin. Aftur this, *an ugly old Gentilman* in a grate blak wig cam to me, but he had loſt his Rawbit by the way, for I cood ſee nun he had; and he onli tez'd me, and tez'd me, but mad nutthink of it; for he fumblid and fumblid, but to no porpos, for all his grabblin and gropin ſignefyd as much as nuthink.

Molyneux. Then thay brote a *purblynd Gentilman*, hoo was for *ſurvayin* me with his *Telluskop*; but it was ſo dark he cood not ſee, tho he got upon a gynt-ſtool, and

and had it not bin for anothur Parſon more quick-ſited then himſelf, he had ſartinly loſt his *Telluskop*.

The next was a *pritty Gentil-man*, hoo had a charmin Rawbit, and more thon that *plaid ſwetly* on the *Fiddil*, and cut *capors* as hy as ani think: He wood have jumpt the Lord noes ware, if he mowt hav had his will, and ſhakt the powdar out of his wig; but I likt him the bettar for all that: if I cood ha my will, he ſhood be the onli man I wood be kunſernd with. St Andre.

As for the *ſquab Man*, that cry'd out *a Sooterkin, a Sooterkin*, I dont lik him at all; for it ſemes he wonted to mak a Devils Damm of me, and peept, and peept, the Devil peep his Dr Maubray.

Eyes

Eyes out, in hops to ſee a danſing Devil cut a capor out of my Belli, but he was diſapinted.

Sir R. Manningham. But the wurſt of them all was a *fine-faced long-noſed Gentilman, with a Neck lik a Crain*; he was for purformin an *oppuraſhun*, as he call'd it, and tawkt of making *Inſiſhuns*, and *Ceſariums*, and the Lord noes wat: but the othur Gentilman wood not let him, for which I ſhall alwas pray for um.

Limborch. Thare was likwys a noutlandiſh ſurjohn, a fumbl-fiſted fellur, as was nevur cut out to handil Gentilwimin, his fingurs war all aſtrutt, and he hurt me ſo, I nevur dezir he ſhood meddl with me ani mor as long as I liv.

After

After this, thay brot a powr mor of ſurjohns, I nevur ſee ſuch a mortul ſite of ugli fellurs in my born days, peepin and gropin, and ſputturing out haf *Engliſh*, and haf *Lattin*; nay, it mout be Law-*Lattin* for awt I noe, for I nevur herd ſuch Gibburich ſins I was born.

Durin this tyme, I was delevurd, as they ſay, of I dont noe how mani Rabbitts; but I proteſts I noe nothink of the mattur, thay mowt put um thare for owt I noe, for I cant tell no mor then the child as is unborn how I cum by um. If I did brede um, the mor is my miſfortin, and I thinks I oft in konſhuns to have a Penſhun to mak ammends, and not to be mad a maygam of, and a laffin-ſtok,

and ſent from poſt to pillur, to banniurs, and to priſun, and I dont noe ware: But thare is mor lys it ſemes told of me, for thay ſay as how I wanted to mak a *Kunny-Worren* of my *Parſly-Bed*, and as how I had agrid to ſuply the *Poltururs* with *Raw-bitts* at an under pryſe: But this is a ſtori raiſd by the *Warrinors*, and I wood not have pepel ſet themſelfs againſt Rawbitts for my ſake, for I nevur did ſell a Raw-bitt to no parſon watevur: for how cood I, wen the *ſurjohns run away* with um as faſt as tha cum from me. If tha *ſold um*, or *eat um*, the more ſhaim for um; but why ſhood the fawt be lade at my dore, wen I am in-nurſent of the mattur?

As

As for the Portur of the Banniur, he is a lying dog, and onli wonts to mak a peni of me.

As for bing fryted with *Rawbitts*, it is all a ly; for the troath is, I had alwas an ugli wa of crying *Odd Rawbitt me!* at evri turn.

This ugli wurd I uzd in geſt or arniſt; for if I was angri with ani bodi, I wood cry *odd Rawbitt um*; or if I was gokin or plain the fool with ani bodi, I had alwas *Rabbitt um* at my tungs end: ſo that I had got ſuch a habit of uſing myſelf to this wikid wurd, that I was niknamd *Rawbittin Merry* long enuff afore this Misfortin happned.

Now I do ſollymly deklar, that to the beſt of my nolige, all this has hapned to me for my raſh wiſhis, and profan ſwearin, and ſaing Odd Rawbitt me, and ſuch wikid wiſhis; tharfor I do beſech all Criſtiun peple to tak worning by me, and not to wiſh raſh wiſhis for the futur, or to ſware or curs, leſt tha be punniſhid for the ſam.

As for the *ſurjohns*, tha hav mad a *fine kettle of Fiſh*; but wat is that to me? as tha bru let um bak, I am reſolvid to clere miſelf, and let them git off as well as tha can.

As for thare barbirus Experiment wich tha intended, of ſending *a chimni-ſweper's boy up my fal-*

fallopin Tubb, I thank um for thare luff, but tha ſhall play no ſuch triks with me: I noes tha wood hang me if tha cood, but I hops ſum good Criſtiun will ſtand in *my gap*, and not let a pore Wuman be hangid for a parſil of navs and fools.

I dos declare all this is the trooth, and nuthink but the trooth, as I hops for merci; and I hops all good peple will tak worning by me, and piti me, and not ſe me hangid.

And I do aſſure all peple, gentil or ſimpl, that tha may *ete Rawbitts* mornin, noon, or nite, without any fere or dangur for the futur; for all as has bin ſad, exept what I have here

here written, is a damd kunfounded ly.

MERRY TUFT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THOF I be ripurzentid as an ignirunt littirat Wuman, as can nethur rite nor rede, yet I thank God I can do both; and thof mahaps I cant ſpel as well as ſum peple as ſet up for authurs, yet I can rite trooth, and plane *Ingliſh*, wich is mor nor ani of um all has dun. As for ſettin my Mark to a papur, it wos wen I wont well, and wos for goin the ſhortiſt

ſhortiſt wa to work : if tha had axt me to rite my name, I wood hav dun it; but tha onli bid me ſet my mark, as kunclooding I cood not rite my nam, but tha was miſtakn.

F I N I S.

Finally we to work: it did but make me to like my name, I would buy dun it) but dis ouli bid me let my mark, as knowing I could not like my name, but yet was willin.